

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1817.

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TO

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT,

THE VENERABLE LEADER OF REFORM.

*On Mr. Wooley's attack on me ;
on that Gentleman's Trials for
Libel ; on the Proposition to
Elect the Lord Mayor as one
of the Members for the City of
London.*

*North Hampstead, Long Island,
August 1, 1817.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Amongst the consolations that I daily experience, I know of very few, which can be put in competition with that which I have received in a letter from you, brought out to me by one of our most worthy and excellent friends of Westminster, whom I saw last Sunday in perfect good health. The bare sight of the writing of that hand which has been for so many years employed in the service of your country, in circulating the sentiments of that mind, which has been one of the great causes of all the prodigious efforts made in the cause of Reform ; the bare sight of your hand-writing would have given me very great pleasure ; but this pleasure was very much heightened when I saw this venerable hand employed, in this case, to express your de-

cided approbation of the step to which I had resorted ; and, I beg you to be assured, that, if any thing were wanting to strengthen my determination still to devote my time to the great cause of freedom in England, the contents of your Letter would amply supply that deficiency.

I perceive, however, and I really do perceive it with some regret, that Mr. WOOLEY, who has recently become distinguished by his bold, manly, and just attacks upon our enemies, and who has been rendered justly conspicuous by the means taken to crush him, and of which means I shall speak by and by, has not only expressed an opinion concerning my conduct, exactly the opposite of that which you have been pleased to express ; but who, for reasons which it is not worth while, perhaps, under the present circumstances, to dwell upon or at all to develope, though they are quite obvious to me ; for these reasons he has thought proper, not only to express his disapprobation of my withdrawing from the country, but so to charge and overcharge his attack with personal and base abuse as to make it effectually defeat its own object, and to put forward its claims, its irresistible claims, to every parti-

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cle of that contempt, which he would fain, for the reasons before-mentioned, have fixed upon my conduct and character.

The reasons stated by me for my voluntary exile, appeared to my own mind so satisfactory, that I never for one single instant doubted of their meeting with the approbation of every real friend to the cause of Reform. These reasons have not been combated by Mr. WOOLER by other reasons, but by downright personal, and even vulgar, abuse and calumny; by imputations which he knew to be false, and by assertions, in numerous instances, which he knew to be as utterly destitute of truth as any of those pretended plots and conspiracies which the baseness of the nation's enemies has led them to resort to; and the few instances, in which he has resorted to something in the shape of argument, have only discovered to the enlightened reader, that, in this case, as in many others, the powers of *describing* men and things, are very different indeed from those powers, by which statements of facts and conclusions drawn from those statements are made to produce conviction and to lead to important consequences.

My reasons for my conduct, having remained wholly unanswered, I shall, in this place, merely subjoin some few *authorities* for the step which I thought proper to take. You remember, Sir, that BASTWICK, BURTON,

and PRYNNE went to *Holland*, in the times of the Bloody Stuarts, and there caused their writings to be printed and sent into England. You remember that General LUDLOW fled to the Continent; and that it was from *Switzerland* he wrote those famous letters in defence of his countrymen, who, amongst other things, had fought and bled for Annual Parliaments. Mr. WOOLER will hardly pretend, that these famous Patriots were "*cowards*," though he fixes that term upon me with as little ceremony as if he were talking of a man who had skulked behind a wall in the midst of a battle, and had sent on his soldiers to meet the bayonets of the enemy. This gentleman talks about the precious blood of SIDNEY. He forgets, while he is thus talking, that that gallant and truly learned man *fled to the Continent* to avoid the fangs of the despots at home, and, what is more, that it was in *voluntary exile* that he wrote those celebrated papers, which brought him to the block, and which have, more than any other circumstance, endeared his name to posterity. Why, then, let this gentleman boldly call the gallant SIDNEY a "*coward*," or let him retract his charge of cowardice against me, or let him pass for an envious or a silly calumniator. Perhaps, however, the gentleman's wonderfully furious patriotism, will not suffer him to receive as a justification the example of these men of

former times. To accommodate him, then, let us come down to a very late period. Mr. PAINE has never been called a coward that I know of; nor have I ever heard the *old Congress of America* charged with cowardice. Yet, he as well as they fled from town to town at even the distant approach of their enemy. This was, indeed, an enemy with bayonets in his hand, of which circumstance I leave Mr. WOOLER to profit; but then comes the staggering fact of Mr. PAINE, who was an Englishman you will observe, having fled from England to France, not from the warrants of a Secretary of State; not from the natural effects of an absolute power of imprisonment law; not from the newly conjured up code of Lord Sidmouth; but upon the *bare intimation of an information Ex-officio being filed against him by the Attorney General!*

Thus, then, it follows of course, that all these persons were cowards; that even SIDNEY was a "coward;" that VOLTAIRE was a coward, when he chose a residence in the mountains of Switzerland rather than a residence in the Bastille. It follows also that the brave LALEMANDS and the brave General VANDAMME, who are now in this country, are cowards, and that every man is a coward who has fled hither from England, Scotland, or Ireland. Nay, Sir, even Mr. HUNT is a coward (though I would advise Mr.

WOOLER not to tell him so) because Mr. HUNT did not go to the intended *fourth* Spa-fields Meeting agreeably to the resolutions of the third Meeting. And, think yourself very happy, Sir, if you escape the charge of cowardice; for, besides your being an "*old man*," old enough to be my father, I am very sure, that you will not attempt to call Meetings, and to act at those Meetings, as you hitherto have done.

If it be cowardice to do what I have done, and what so many eminent and immortal Patriots have done before me, every thing must be cowardice, which embraces the most distant consideration of personal safety, though connected with the most reasonable expectations of future utility to the cause of our country. In the estimation of Mr. WOOLER it must be cowardice to take shelter from a thunder-storm; 'tis cowardice to avoid being buried by a falling house; it must be cowardice to lower sail in a hurricane; it must be cowardice to resort to a surgeon in the case of a broken leg; in short, this is such superlative nonsense in Mr. WOOLER, that it takes away and fixes in his own bosom, whatever there could be intended as a sting in his calling me a "*silly old man*".

But, in all the examples that we have mentioned there is wanting this material circumstance which presents itself in my case, that while, by remaining, I could ren-

der my country *no service at all*, by my flight I retained whatever power I had of rendering her service; and, that I did not want the *disposition* to render that service, my countrymen will, before this time, have been fully convinced; seeing that I have written *more*; not as much, but *more*, since my arrival in this country, than I ever wrote before in my life, during a period of the same length. This intention, too, in the very publication * upon which Mr. WOOLER has bestowed his reprobation, was distinctly stated. He, indeed, ridicules the idea of my seriously entertaining such intention; and the public will have seen by this time that his predictions were upon a perfect level with the rest of his attack; the public have now the proof before them, the practical *proof*, of the falsehood of this prediction; and I am not at all afraid, that the Reformers in England will not now be able to form a very correct judgment, not of the *motives* of this gentleman, for those I shall not meddle with at present, but of his conduct towards me upon this occasion.

There was something very ungenerous, not to call it malignant and base, in a pretended friend of that cause, of which he acknowledged me to have been a great supporter, to *fall foul* thus, before he could possibly *know*, at any rate, that it was not my intention

* Mr. Cobbett's Leave taking Address.

to write from America; and, the great haste to rush on to this conclusion, which was false, as the event has proved, clearly shows a spirit of injustice and malignity; of deliberate malice, and of malice, too, wholly unprovoked by any act of mine or of any body belonging to me either towards himself or towards the Public. If he had really thought that I should not write from America, was it a public spirited act in him to anticipate such a result? If he was sincere in what he said concerning the great and beneficial influence of my writings, was it a patriot-like act to endeavour to lessen that influence as much as possible by this uncalled for prediction, which, has, at last, been proved to be as false as it was ungenerous?

However, all the other parts of this virulent, malignant, base and foolish attack sink wholly out of sight, when compared to the paragraph at the conclusion of it, in which he *reminds the Americans* of my *former writings* against their Government, and against what he calls their "*infant Liberty*", and bids them to be "*jealous*" of me. Consider, Sir, *all the circumstances, under which this was penned*; and then, say, whether, even in the conduct of the tools of the Borough-mongers, you ever heard of any thing quite so base as this.

Little did this man imagine, that I had published a Register in America, beginning with the month of January 1816, and that,

in the very first number of which, instead of *crawling* to the Americans, and *recanting* any thing that I had said before, I plainly told them, that I did *not* ask them to "forget and forgive," but, that I wished them to *remember*, that, if my writings had done them any harm in Europe (and that I did not know *that they had not* done them harm) it was fairly to be ascribed to the *unjust and tyrannical treatment which I had experienced in America*. This was published at New York last year, long before I had any thought of coming to America. But here I am now. This Register that I am now writing will be published at New York before it will reach England, and here I repeat my former words, with this addition, that, being now accidentally here upon the spot, I will, *yet, have justice done me* for that tyrannical treatment; or, in case of refusal of justice, I will make known to every corner of the world what that treatment was. I am no flatterer of any body. My opinions, as to the conduct of the English government and as to the mode of electing Members of Parliament, have undergone a great change since I was in America before; a change arising from *experience*; a change perfectly natural in itself, and perfectly consistent with honourable intentions and views, and with such intentions and views having *always* been uppermost in my mind. But, so far from acknow-

ledging, that I was *an enemy to real freedom*, when I was in America before, I maintain that I was *always its friend*; and, I maintain further, that, *in my person that freedom was most grossly violated in America*. However, better times are now come. No such despotic acts can be committed now. Here is a just and mild and cheap Government, and a free and happy people. A very glorious sight it is to behold. I feel gratitude towards the government and the people for having preserved their country free and for affording me a place of refuge. But if Mr. WOOLER imagines that I am come here to be a slave of the Americans, or to care any thing about their jealousies or prejudices, he is the most mistaken man alive. I know that I have the esteem of all reflecting and honourable men; but never will I do any act; never will I utter one word to make my *court* even to them. I have a real and sincere regard for the people. Their kindness towards me upon all occasions, shown in every village and every house that I go to, is alone well calculated to inspire me with sentiments of regard and affection; and I show these best by endeavouring, as far as in my power lies, to do justice to their excellent institutions by describing to the world their happy effects. But, if there be any persons who require me to go further. If there be any body who

will not be content, unless I turn my back upon my own country, either by *abjuring* the King (as the *loyal* English merchants do) or by any other act, no matter what, to such persons I answer, I still love England best: and I will never do or say any thing that can be by any means construed to imply that this preference is ever to be rooted from my heart. I say now as I said in my leave-taking Address, a *Palace* here, with the whole of this beautiful and happy Island for my domain, would be less dear to me than a thatched cottage on the borders of Waltham Chase or of Botley Common.

Mr. WOOLER will do me the justice to suppose, I hope, that I shall take *the will for the deed*, though, perhaps, he may be somewhat disappointed at perceiving that any attempt of his to excite jealousy of me, and ill will against me, in America, is likely to be full as fruitless, and is certainly a great deal more ridiculous, than his expectation of producing a similar effect in England, though I am very sure, that he will there meet with disappointment in his expectations in this regard, and that, even before now, his malignant attempt has received the scorn that it merits; and, more than it merits it cannot, I think, possibly receive.

Nevertheless, Sir, as you have often said, and as you once told the Attorney-General, who is now the Lord Chancellor, we must, in

fighting the enemy, not reject the use of the arms of even despicable and detestable men. He asked you, whether you would have no regard to the characters of men in this case. You said, that you would *rather* have to do with all men of good character; but that, as thieves and robbers and swindlers were sent on board of ship to fight the foreign enemy of the country, so you saw no reason why you should be so very scrupulous in the materials, of which the ranks were composed, which were to fight against its enemies at home. Though I have a right, a perfect right, to presume every thing that is base in the character of this Mr. WOOLER, I do not so presume. His conduct has been base *towards me*; but, I am even willing to hope, that want of experience, want of time for reflection, extreme anxiety for the success of the cause, some misrepresentation perhaps, and (a weakness too common amongst literary men) an eagerness to obtain fame which rendered him too impatient to confine himself to *efforts to rise*, without endeavouring, at the same time, to pull others down: I am willing to hope that his malignity has been thus engendered, as it were, without his own wish; and that a little more time would have made him act towards me with more generosity and less injustice. At any rate, upon your old principle, I take the assistance of his pen as far as

it is calculated to aid the cause of our country; and I do most sincerely rejoice at his acquittal on his trials for libel, the statements in both of which were as *true* as his statements with regard to me were *false*. His defence, which I have read in the English papers, was not only bold and manly, but it was full of talent; and though the Attorney General made a great mistake, when he said, that it was a proof of *facility* of composition, that a man was able to put his thoughts together by the means of *types* without manuscript, the fact being that many men can write as much in a day as six or seven compositors can print; still, it was a most interesting fact that this was done by Mr. WOOLER, and it was a proof, amongst thousands of others, that might be produced, of the great stock of talent now possessed by the people of England.

To go into all the particulars of the trials would be useless; but, I cannot help observing, that, in one part of Mr. WOOLER's defence he complains what a *hardship* it was to have been *dragged all of a sudden from his affairs*; and he adds, that, if he had had a *wife and family, the consequences must have been dreadful*. Mr. WOOLER is too sincere a man, I dare say, to have *feigned* this, in order to move *compassion*; therefore one may perhaps be permitted to ask Mr. WOOLER, whether he

did not happen to know that I had a wife and family; and whether, when he was calling me a *coward*, he did not happen to know that that wife and all the *feeble* part, and *only the feeble part*, of that family were in London, at the very time that he was aiming his malignant shafts against the head of that family? I observe, too, that Mr. WOOLER expresses a wish not to be found guilty; that is to say not to be *imprisoned* and *fined*! Bless me! Wish not to be imprisoned! Beg not to be imprisoned and fined! Why, one would have supposed, that this gentleman, who, by implication, accuses LUDLOW, SIDNEY, and PAINE of cowardice, would have *courted* imprisonment as the greatest of favours, like the methodist parson, or like JACK in the Tale of a Tub, who cried out "another box in the ear good folks, for the Lord's sake!" I, indeed, as you remember very well, suffered two years imprisonment and paid a thousand pounds fine, without liking it at all. But this gentleman's taste appeared to be so very different, that one might naturally have been surprized not to hear him beg to be sent to prison; instead of which he makes most strenuous efforts to save himself from it, and, from present appearances, I have very great pleasure in believing that those efforts are likely, in the present case at any rate, to be successful. If they should not, and if he should have

two years imprisonment to suffer, a fine of a thousand pounds to pay, and be compelled to give bail in a *five thousand pound bond*, to be of good behaviour for *seven years afterwards*; when he comes out of prison and has paid his fine and given his bail, he will be better able to judge, than he is at present, of the manner in which he ought to talk of the step which I have taken. But as Mr. WOOLER has ventured upon *predictions* with respect to what I should do, he will excuse me if I hazard a prediction with respect to him, especially as it shall be wholly divested of malignity. I predict, then, that he, Thomas Jonathan Wooler, will be *silenced*, by some means or other, before next Christmas Day; or, that he will write in a *very measured style*, and be very *mannerly* towards the Ministers; or, that he will *come to America himself*, and that, if he does come to America he will be a *printer* and not a *writer*. I most sincerely desire, that a state of things will arise such as will enable him to continue to write boldly in England; but, if he must follow the example of Mr. PAINE, I must confess, that I am ill-natured enough to wish to have an opportunity of *calling upon him* in New York or Philadelphia, between one of which and an English jail, his choice, if he has a choice left, appears to me to lie.

But, be Mr. WOOLER's destiny what it may, the result of the

trials, as far as they went up to the 9th of June, is not only pleasing in itself, and honorable to the Jurors, who made such a glorious stand for the Liberty of the Press, but it is of the greatest importance, considered as a symptom of the public feeling and of the spirit of the people. There were no such juries *when I was sent to prison*; if there had, I never should have gone there. But, this is the natural effect of the terrible laws which have recently been passed. The people now see no hope but in themselves. They see every thing in authority so decidedly hostile to liberty, that, when any portion of power happens to *fall into their own hands*, as in the case of a jury, they feel that they ought to exercise this power so as to favour liberty as much as they possibly can. They, therefore, while they are listening to the case before them, bear in their minds all the parts of the present system of restraint and of force, and they lean as much as their oaths will permit them, towards the side of the accused. If they could be told with truth, that the press was free, and that men were only rendered answerable for the real abuses of that freedom, then they would naturally be less inclined to view the matter charged with a lenient eye; but, when they take into view the efforts which are now made to stifle publications, which even the libel law does not deem

bellous; when they see the magistrates authorized to shut up reading rooms, circulating libraries, debating societies, and in effect to select the newspapers for public houses; when they see a new and unwarrantable construction given to the Hawker's and Pedlar's Act, when they see, in short, every thing, except a direct *Censorship*, put in motion to prevent the publication of that which displeases the Boroughmongers; when they hear the Secretary of State declare in his place in the House of Lords, that he wants Gagging Bills, not because the cheap publications are contrary to law, but precisely because the law officers can find nothing in those publications to prosecute; and when they see the most popular of all the writers, against whom the laws were particularly aimed, crossing the sea for the purpose of being in safety and to continue his writings; when they see and hear all this, and see themselves impanelled to sit in judgment upon one of these writers, they feel, they must feel, they must have hearts of iron not to feel, leniently towards the accused; and, I am persuaded, that, if the present system, go on for any length of time, this feeling will become more and more prevalent and more and more powerful.

It appears to me, therefore, that, if the present system go on, Juries must be *wholly left aside* in all cases where the government is the prosecu-

tor; and that it must rely upon the powers with which the Ministers are now vested. They can now imprison for any length of time that they chuse; in any jail that they chuse; in any dungeon that they chuse; and they can deprive the prisoner of all communication with friends or relations; of all knowledge of what is going on in the country; and all this they can do without alleging any crime, and without giving the prisoner any hearing even from themselves. But, they want still to have the *appearance of law* for punishment in cases of libel. They take a man up at once upon charge of libel before any guilt be proved. They put him in prison, or hold him to bail. All this is new to the country. But still, long imprisonment, heavy punishment, upon a charge of libel, requires the consent of a Jury; and, though they can imprison and punish without it, they would *rather not*. They would rather have a "*jury of his country*" to fling in the face of the victim. But, if Juries of the country are not to be found to convict men of crimes for publishing *truth*; if Juries take it into their heads, that to publish truth is not a crime; if, out of all this discussion, and all these terrible measures, there should arise a general persuasion, that it is a *fear of the truth being known* which has given rise to all these measures; if this persuasion should become general, Juries will not convict; and then one of two things must take place: either the present imprisoning system must be put an end to, and a

reform must be adopted at once; or, Juries must be dispensed with and wholly set aside, in all cases of prosecution by the government. This can take place without the passing of any additional act of Parliament; because, in place of trying a man for a libel, and imprisoning him in virtue of a sentence of the Court of King's Bench, the Ministers can, whenever they please, send a King's messenger, take the offensive writer and put him in a dungeon; and there's an end, at once, of him and of his writings. But, as I said before, this is what they would *rather not do*. They would rather have the *countenance* and the *active concurrence* of a Jury. But, be you assured, Sir, that they will not have this long; for if they wait for this concurrence, they will find themselves hampered at every turn. One acquittal will produce ten thousand of those things which they call libels; that is to say, a mass of truth and argument, levelled against their acts. They want to carry on their system of dungeons and gags hand in hand with Juries and the law. But, I imagine, that this they will find too difficult. Indeed, what can be more difficult than to mix up arbitrary power with legal proceedings? It cannot be done. The Juries must go next; and then the thing will stand upon its fair foundation. There will be no masked battery left at any rate. Every one will see what the thing really is, and every one will call it by its right name.

Nor, is this to be dreaded at all.

The strength of the Boroughmongering system has consisted principally in its powers of *deceiving*. To be seen in its true colours is all that is necessary. It would have been annihilated long and long enough ago, and the people and the king would have had their rights, if both could have seen the system in its true colour. Therefore, every thing that tends to exhibit it fairly and truly, tends to its overthrow, to the restoration of the peoples' rights and happiness, and to the dignity and stability of the throne.

Such is my reasoning upon the result of the Trials of Mr. Woolen, whose conduct as to these trials, I highly applaud, and to whom I wish all the success that he himself can desire in every undertaking where the good of his country is not made to yield to the gratification of selfish and base desires and propensities.

It is with no small pleasure, that I see from the London papers, that the worthy and most excellent Lord Mayor has been proposed as Member for the City in the place of Mr. ALDERMAN COMBE. What has been the termination of the contest, or, whether there has been any contest at all, I cannot, of course, know as yet, seeing that my latest papers are to the ninth of June. But, there were some circumstances attending the cause of the vacancy, which I cannot overlook here, being extremely material in an estimate, which it is *very necessary* now to form, of the conduct of a man, who has acted a great part in the

city; namely, Mr. WAITHMAN. It appears, that, on the 30th of May, the Common Hall being met to petition Parliament against the renewal of the absolute-power-of-imprisonment act, Mr. ALDERMAN COMBE, who has been a long time ill, sent a letter to the Lord Mayor, which his Lordship read, stating Mr. Combe's inability to attend the House from ill health, hoping that his absence from the Parliament would be excused, and declaring his opinions on the question of Parliamentary Reform and his ardour in the cause of Liberty, remained what they always had been. Upon the reading of this letter the most curious occurrence arose. Mr. HUNT, who is a Liveryman of the City of London, and who, in presence of mind, in a public Meeting, yields to very few persons that I have ever seen, caught hold of this opportunity to do that which has given me, as I am sure it has given you, the greatest satisfaction; and a better blow to the Ministers and to the system could not, perhaps, have been given.

"Mr. HUNT thought it of great importance that the City should have some person in Parliament, in the place of the worthy Alderman who's letter had just been read, at a crisis like the present. He moved, that the thanks of the Hall should be given to Mr. ALDERMAN COMBE for his long and faithful services, and that while they lamented his inability to attend to his Parliamentary duties, he should be requested to resign his seat, that

"some other person might be elected to watch over the interests of the City of London in the House of Commons at the present momentous crisis."

Nothing could be better timed, nothing more reasonable, nothing more just than this proposition. Yet, Mr. Waithman resisted the motion, "as he considered it to be disrespectful to Mr. Alderman COMBE, who had for twenty years been virtually the only representative of the City in Parliament."

This was a strange objection to make! How could it be disrespectful to Mr. COMBE, when it had embodied in it a vote of thanks for his long and faithful services, and an expression of lamentation at his inability to attend to his Parliamentary duties? Mr. HUNT answered Mr. WAITHMAN by saying that "no man had a higher respect for the character of Mr. COMBE than himself; but expressed a determination to press his motion." Mr. WAITHMAN, being now hard pushed, cried aloud for help. "He thought it highly improper to introduce matter so irrelevant to the Requisition, without notice, and in so thin a Hall. He called upon the Lord Mayor to interpose his authority on the occasion." This was being hard pressed indeed! The Lord Mayor, who was not hypocrite enough, who did not enough give into shuffles and shams to cry *Nolo Episcopari*, as some other longing politicians have done; the Lord Mayor, who did not wish to act

the part of a maiden so tender and coy, "Was of opinion, that the motion had arisen out of the letter that had been read; that the question ought to be put; and that he was surprized that it should be objected to as *irrelevant* by a gentleman from whom so much irrelevant matter had so frequently proceeded." Mr. WARTHMAN denied that he had been in the habit of introducing irrelevant matter. He moved, as an amendment, a vote of censure on Sir William CURTIS and Alderman ATKINS!"

Now, my dear Sir, you, I dare say, in spite of all the dreadful scenes before your eyes, and in spite of all your feeling for the numerous sufferers, have been utterly unable to prevent repeated fits of laughter at this *tour de main* of our friend the SIGNOR! This beats the "black cat of Katerfelto," and even the "black fox of the SIGNOR." Suppose, now, being in the company of a set of men coming in piping hot from work in the fields, I was to make a motion for a gallon of strong beer, and another was to get up and move, as an amendment, a deliberate and very bitter curse upon *Sour Cider*. What would you think of this fellow? I know what my companions would say. They would say, "Curse the *Sour Cider* as long as you please, but, for God's sake, let us have the strong beer." So said the Common Hall; for Mr. HUNT's motion was put and carried, to the great, and I am very sure, lasting mortification of Mr. WARTHMAN, who hates the

Lord Mayor more than he ever hated the Boroughmongers, if, indeed, he ever sincerely hated them at all.

Such was his eagerness to get rid of this dreadful proposition, that he forgot that the motion contained a vote of thanks and a very high compliment to Mr. Alderman COMBE; or, if he did not forget it he was willing to sweep every thing away rather than that a proposition should be adopted, which was likely to open the way for the Lord Mayor's Election at this time.

In the Morning Chronicle of the 31st of May, there is subjoined to a report of this transaction, an assertion, "that before the violent commotion produced by Mr. HUNT, about one half of the meeting had dispersed; and, we believe, that there were not a hundred Livery present at the time of the commotion, the rest being composed of a promiscuous crowd of the lowest class. The resolution, therefore, of this gentleman, is certainly not the sentiment of the Livery."

How do you make that out, SIGNOR? The Livery who were present had not been culled out for the occasion. It was not a packed Hall, such as you know are sometimes contrived. The doors had not been shut to keep out the Livery, as you remember was the case, when you produced, out of pure opposition to Mr. HUNT, a vote in that Hall, calculated to damp and destroy the cause of Reform; and when you, with the word *Union* upon your lips, endeavoured to produce a

total disunion, and to separate London from all the rest of the kingdom. No, there could be no packing. Mr. HUNT has no runners to work for him in the City. I'll engage that he came up from the country that very morning; and that he had not the smallest intimation before hand, that any letter from Mr. Alderman COMBE was about to be read. The motion could have proceeded from nothing but a sense of duty; and, if my Lord Mayor be elected, as I trust he will be, it will be a most seasonable as well as a most powerful blow, given to the dreadful system that is now going on, it being well known, that the Lord Mayor is an honest and bold enemy of that system.

There is, too, the more merit in this proposition of Mr. HUNT, as it cannot possibly be ascribed to any thing other than a sense of duty. The public will recollect, that Mr. HUNT received last winter a letter from the Lord Mayor in his Official capacity, which was not well calculated to gain the personal friendship of the former. I do not say that the Lord Mayor's letter, which was probably written without much time for reflection, and was indeed in all probability, written by a clerk or secretary, it being impossible for the Lord Mayor to have written, at that time, a hundredth part of his letters: I do not say that this letter was either *rude* or *unfriendly*; but there was a sort of *sarcastic* tone in it which men in general are very apt to receive not very graciously. I have never understood,

that my Lord Mayor has ever shown any particular marks of partiality to Mr. HUNT during any of the discussions in Guildhall. But, then, I know well, that Mr. HUNT has always entertained the highest possible opinion of the Lord Mayor's integrity, humanity, industry, and all those qualifications which are so necessary at the present time; and I have always observed in Mr. HUNT a most anxious desire to see the Lord Mayor in Parliament. Indeed the Lord Mayor is such a man as there are very few like him. He is sincerity itself. He has no *envy* in his composition. He has no disguise of any sort. He abhors every thing like tyranny. He is as bold as he is honest; and if ever he commits an error, it is soon repaired by his frankness in avowing it.

Mr. WAITHMAN's conduct, upon this occasion, is but too much of a piece with all the rest of his conduct for some time past. His grand object appears to have been to obtain a seat in Parliament for himself; an object not only justifiable, but laudable, because a seat in Parliament would have given him a greater degree of power of doing good. Mr. Waithman is not only a bold and resolute man, but a man who is possessed of far greater talents than nineteen twentieths of the Members of the two Houses. Therefore, few things would give me greater pleasure than to see Mr. Waithman in Parliament, particularly at this time. But, the misfortune is, that Mr. Waithman has sought to accomplish this object by

means injurious to the cause of Reform. What could be more injurious to that cause, as far as he was able to do injury to it, than to cause to be negatived in the Common Hall of London, a proposition for Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage, at a time when the whole of the Reformers were petitioning for a Reform upon those very principles? And, what rendered this proceeding the more flagrantly odious, was, that he affected to believe, that this was the way to produce *Union* against the Borough-mongers; when it was manifest to every man in the kingdom, that this was throwing the apple of discord amongst them. Nay, this gentleman, not content with using his influence, and exerting his talents for this baleful purpose, did not restrain himself from going into that species of criticism upon our plans and our conduct, which had been first introduced by Mr. BROUGHAM, and which criticism met with a chastisement from *your pen*, which, one would have thought, would have been a sufficient warning for Mr. Waithman, who was less excusable than Mr. Brougham, because the former had, only a few days before, in a speech made to the Common Council, most amply and most ably proved both the justice and the reasonableness of *all our claims*.

This defection, or, rather, this perverseness, of Mr. Waithman, was very injurious to our cause. It put an argument into the mouths of our enemies. Even Mr. Waithman called us "wild," "visionary," and "violent" men!

This was doing as much as he was able to do; and he owes it to your forbearance, Sir, that his conduct was not long ago held up to universal detestation. He wrote a Letter to you and Sir Francis Burdett, jointly. You answered that Letter in your own name; and you gave me authority publicly to say, that he had your permission to publish the correspondence. This I did say in print many months ago. Yet, he has never availed himself of this permission. *Why* he has not, the reason is but too manifest.

I do not forget the great and powerful efforts of Mr. Waithman, when he stood almost alone in the City for twenty long years. I am willing to see him rewarded by any honour that his countrymen can bestow upon him, and which is consistent with the good of the Commonwealth; but, if he cannot have his reward, that sort of reward which will satisfy him, without sacrificing the interests of the country to the gratification of his ambition, I most sincerely hope that he will go unrewarded to the end of his life. *You*, Sir, have rendered some services to your country! The heart of every one of us tells us that there is no honour that we could bestow on you adequate to those services. But, if you were to become the instrument of a Whig faction; if you were, at a moment the most critical, and when so much depended upon *Union*, to call for a Triennial Parliament, when all the rest of the Reformers were calling for Annual Parliaments, would you expect at our hands any thing short of re-

proach? And if this would justly be the case with respect to you, in the name of justice and reason I ask, what is to restrain us from complaining of the conduct of Mr. Waithman?

Let Mr. Waithman be a Member of Parliament; but let him become such upon the principles of real, and not of sham Parliamentary Reform; let him become such, as the instrument in the hands of the people, and not as the instrument of the Boroughmongering faction.

Mr. Waithman is one of those men, whose greedy ambition leads him to do that which his honesty and his real love of liberty would naturally make him flee from "as from the pestilence that walketh by night." He is so extremely desirous of standing upon the same floor with "*Noble Lords*" and "*Honourable Gentlemen*," that he really foregoes the means of accomplishing his object. He wishes, I verily believe, to do that which is right, when he has obtained his object; but, he unfortunately has taken it into his head that he is able to conciliate both parties; and, he is verifying, in a most conspicuous manner, the old adage of *the two stools*. As to the Whigs, those famous champions, those disinterested and sincere heroes of Triennial Parliaments, and of the principle of *Property* and not *Taxation* giving a right to vote; as to these noble combatants for a sham Reform, nothing is farther from their hearts than the wish to support Mr. Waithman upon any other ground than that of his being a marplot; than that of his being an instrument in the work of producing disunion amongst us. And, as to the real Reformers, angels of light can no more unite with the inhabitants of the infernal regions, than they can unite with the greedy and perfidious Whigs, who have their full share of all the sinecures, all the Pensions, all the Grants, and of all the Boroughs; and, what never ought to be forgotten, who had their full share in the adoption, as well as in the recommending of all those dreadful measures which cha-

racterize the present Times. What! will Mr. Waithman pretend, that those men, who voted for Mr. WYNNE being Speaker, are the friends of Parliamentary Reform? Mr. Wynne, along with the whole family of GRENVILLE, had not only voted for, and defended every one of the measures, to their utmost extent; but, like LORD GRENVILLE and the MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM, and like LORD MILTON, Mr. LAMB and Mr. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, he had volunteered his recommendation of such measures; and, yet, the MORNING CHRONICLE congratulates his readers upon the proof of the *steadiness* of the whole Party, which proof, he says, was furnished in the contest for Mr. WYNNE! And this is that "*Opposition*," to which Mr. Waithman bids us look for success in the cause of Parliamentary Reform! Long, indeed, will it be before Reform comes from such a source. Indeed, how contemptible is such an expectation! Look into the *Sinecure List*; the *Pension List*; the *Grant List*; the *Staff List*; the *List of Governors of Castles and Provinces*; look at the immense sums which the Whig families now receive, and look at the greater sums which all their broods are gaping for, when the heads of them shall get into power; look at all this, Sir, or, rather, let Mr. Waithman look at it, and then tell us, if he can, that he believes, that the Whig families will ever join in any attempt to procure a real reform of the Parliament, which, as those families well know, would instantly strip them of all these emoluments, and leave them nothing but their just privileges and rights. No, Sir; it is impossible that any sensible man can believe, that the People will ever meet with any portion of support from this faction while it is thus gorged with the public money. We want no speeches and declarations from them. We want a surrender of their Boroughs. We want a House of Commons elected by the People, and not by them. Some of them told the people at the late Westminster Dinner

that they were *really in love with Liberty*; but, not a word did they say about those same Boroughs, which are the sole object of contention. If a man has got my horse and I ask him to give it up to me; "softly Cobbett," says he; "don't be in such a rage, my friend. You must know, that I and all my family, for ages back, have been distinguished for our extraordinary respect for the maxims of *mine and thine*. You must know, my good fellow, that I have an hereditary abhorrence of oppression of every sort; and, I protest, and declare, I vow and I swear, that there is not a man upon the face of God's earth that is more sincerely your well-wisher than I am."—"Thank you," says I, "but, still, you say nothing about *my horse*!"—"Oh! your horse, did you say? As to the horse, Cobbett, the horse, you know, Cobbett, as to the horse, I have had the horse, you know, for a long time; and, you know, Cobbett, that the horse might really be of no service to you; you have been doing very well without him, besides, being rather high-mettled, and you not being a very skilful rider, he might break your neck; and then, Cobbett, only think of the confusion, the desolation and misery that would be produced in your affairs and your family!"—You will anticipate, Sir, that, during this speech, I should be clenching my fist, and you will not find it difficult to guess what I should do at the close of it. Yet, the Seedling Boroughmongers at the Westminster Dinner, said not one single word about surrendering the Boroughs, though they vowed and declared, that every drop of blood in their veins was ready to start forth in the cause of the people, and, though (which surprized me a great deal more

than their declarations), Sir Francis Burdett, in the Report that I have read, is made to *congratulate* himself upon being surrounded by such company, who, he is made to say, had *always* been the friends of the People!

Far be it from me to say, that if any of these persons would actually surrender their Boroughs, they ought not to be pardoned for what they have done. I am for conciliation to the very last; that is to say, to the very last moment when conciliation can take place without baseness on the part of the people. All might have been amicably arranged at the opening of the last Parliament. All might have been settled so as to restore the nation to happiness without the destruction of any thing which is warranted by the Constitution of our country. But our enemies chose to throw away the scabbard, and to hang the naked sword suspended over our heads. Whether reconciliation can now take place is more than I am able to say; but, still, my anxious wish is, that our country may be restored to freedom without retaliation and vengeance. But, at any rate, let come what will come, my wish is that our country may be restored to freedom, and in pursuing my incessant endeavours to see that wish accomplished, one of the motives certainly will be that, of having the honour to follow, as far as I am able, your great and immortal example.

I desire to be remembered, in the kindest terms, to our old and honest friends of Westminster, whose exertions in the cause of Reform I always remember with great satisfaction, and whose happiness will always be an object of deep solicitude with their and your faithful friend,

and most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

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